PARED ESPECIALLY FOR THE FAMILY FIRESIDE.

ur Yesterdays and Our To-morrows" is

the Title of Dr. Hepworth's Sermon in the New York Herald-Dr. Talmage on Trying Life's Journey Over Again, [Nore: The one-thousand-dollar prize r the best sermon in the New York Heratd's competition was won by Rev. Richard G. Woodbridge, paster of the Central Con-gregational Church, Middleboro, Mass. "The Power of Tentieness" was the title of. Mr. Woodbridge's sermon. Fifteen sermons in all appeared in the Herald's competitive series.

Text: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."—Matthew vi., 34.

TEXT: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."—Matthew vi., 34.

Here is a bit of philosophy too profound to be appreciated without careful and continuous study. It also contains a stern injunction not to worry over what cannot be helped, but, on the other hand, to make the best of your circumstances. You are commanded to let the past go its way into the land of forgetfulness, and not to horrow from the future the troubles which you fear it may contain, but to live in the present as far as possible. It is a command very difficult to obey, and yet obedience is absolutely necessary !! you would got out of life all that God has put into it.

The man who has a vivid remembrance of his past troubles and who cherishes that memory deliberately throws a gloom over his present. If he will confine himself to the duty of the moment he will generally find that he is quite equal to it, but if he collects all the miseries of yesterday and of the day before and adds them to the burdens of to-day becomes disheartened, and his discoul comment saps his moral strength and produces moral weakness. You have enough to do to face what is immediately before you, and if you conjure up the ghosts of misdeeds and of trials which have been owtlived you do yourself a serious injury and interfere with your spiritual have been offlived you do yourself a seri

ous injury and interfere with your spiritual or business success.

In like manner, if you think you can In like manner, if you think you can master to-day's work, but dampon your ardor by wondering how you are going to get through to-morrow, you produce a nervous tension which debilitates and brings about the very failure that you dread. No man can carry more than one da, at a time. When Jesus asks you not to a tempt to do so He gives you wise counsel, and you had better follow the advice. Life is not so smooth that you can afford to make it rougher by recalling the had roads over which you will have to pass before the end of the journey is reached. You may be cheerful, and therefore strong, if you will forget the things that are behind and let the future take care of itself; but if you propose to add yesterday and to-morrow to to-day you will add what God warns you against doing, and will certainly make a great mistake.

If the sun shines now, be grateful and contented. Suppose to did you in you have a greatented.

against doing, and will certainly make a great mistake.

If the sun shines now, be grateful and contented. Suppose it did rain vesterday, or suppose we are to have a blizzard tomorrow. You have got beyond the rain on the one hand, and, on t. ther, the time has not come to meet the time has not one because you were pleasured a few large hence. One don't he labor at a time is listed and the time has labor at a time is listed and the first have the near time has not come to be had, that the first have minutes. It is poor policy to spoil those first five minutes. It is poor policy to spoil those first five minutes.

Let not illustrics. There is nothing in connection with death more wearing than the regret that you did not do more for the one who has gone. This is a universal experience with those who have any heart. The fact of separation seems to have a magic in it, for it is suddenly revealed to you that there were many little attentions which you falled to render, and the remembrance plerces like a knile. No one ever parted with a loved one without solf-blame of that kind.

But as a general thing it is all an illusion conjured up by overwrought nerves. In

of that kind.

But as a general thing it is all an illusion conjured up by overwrought nerves. In very truth you did whatever the circumstances suggested, you did as much if human nature is capable of doing, but in the presence of death you accuse yourself of things of which you are quite innocent, and in doing so you make the parting harder to bear. It may be well for the dear one that he has gone. He has sweet sleep for the first time in many months. He is glad that the honds of mortality are broken, that he is at last released; and in the lower depths of your own heart you are also glad for his 19 at last released; and in the lower depths of your own heart you are also glad for his gake. But there comes this thorny thought, that you may have been remiss, and your soul is wrung by it.

You do yourself a wrong. You did what you could. You were loving, tender, gentle and more than kind. You have real burdens enough without adding imaginary ones.

Shough without adding amaginary ones. Your tears must not be embittered by an accusation which has no basis in fact. Life is too precious and too short to be wasted in regrets of that kind. The duties of the

in regrets of that kind. The duties of the future demand your close attention, and you have no right to think of the dead except to recall a sweet relationship and to dream of a reunion.

Live your life as quietly and as peacefully as possible. Live in each day as it yomes. Other days, whether past or future, must not be allowed to press on your heart, his is the noblest policy you can adopt, a policy which comes to you as a divine querion. Lot neither regret nor anpation intrude upon you to make you ation intrude upon you to make you

is evident that there is a plan accordis evident that there is a pian accord-o which your life is arranging itself, equally evident that if you are repose-ind trustful, doing the duty of the nt hour and not fretting over the of the next hour, you are in a mental tion which keeps all your powers at best.

the grandest prisitings to feel that a God, a guardian of human des-d that you are in His hands. It iction is one of your possessions rl of great price, you can be quiet he midst of tumult and cheerful in of sorrow, for your very tears as a background for the rainbow

d promise. Gronge H. Herwontu.

TALMAGE'S SERMON. u Like to Live Ya that a man hath will his ive

Job. ii., 4. rue. The Lord did not sny aid it to the Lord when the ed Job still more afficted. 'So went Satan forth from of the Lord, and smote Job And Satan has been the uptive disease since then, y poisoning the blood to But the result of the dia-ont which left Job victor ty of the Satanic remark: hath will be give for his tain who has stood on the namer till his passengers whed; many an engineer hand on the throttle on the brake, until the as saved, while he went ough the open draw an who plunged into it a sleeping child out, ing his life in the ating his life in the allowed of martyrs who

surronder it. We see how precious life is from the fact we do every thing to prolong it. Hence all sanitary regulations, all study of hygiene, all fear of draughts, all waterproofs, all doctors, all medicines, all struggle in crisis or accident. An Admiral of the British Navy was court-martialed for turning his ship around in time of danger, and so damaging the ship. It was proved against him. But when his time came to be heard he said: "Gontlemen, I did turn the ship around, and admit that it was damaged but do you want to know why I turned it? There was a man overboard, and I wanted to save him, and I did save him, and I consider the life of one sallor worth all the vessels of the British Navy." No wonder he was vindicated. Life is indeed very precious, Yea, there are those who deem life so precious they would like to go back from seventy to sixty, from sixty to fifty, from fifty to forty, from forty to thirty, and from thirty to twenty.

"The fact is, that no intelligent and right feeling man is satisfied with his past life. "However successful your life may have been, you are not satisfied with his past life. "However successful your life may have been, you are not satisfied with his past life, different men, and they will give a hundred different answers. One man will say, "Success is a million dollars; another will say, "Success is world-wide publicity; another will say, "Success is fulfilling the particular mission upon which you were sent, whether to write a constitution, or invent a new style of wheelbarrow, or take care of a sick child." Do what God calls you to do, and you are a success, whether you leave a million dellars at death or are buried at public expense, whether it takes lifteen pages of an encyclopedia to tell the wonderful things you have done, or your name is never printed but once, and that in the

pages of an encyclopedia to tell the won-derful things you have done, or your name is nover printed but once, and that in the death column. But whatever your success has been, you are not satisfied with your

life.

"But some of you would have to go back further than to twenty-one years of ago to make a fair start, for there are many who manage to get all wrong before that period. Yea, in order to get a fair start, some would have to go back to the father and mother and get them corrected; yea, to the grandfather and grandmother, and have their life corrected, for some of you are suffering from bad hereditary influences which started a hundred years ago. Well, if your grandfather lived his life over again, and you father lived his life over again, and you lived your life over again, what a clutyou lived your life over again, what a clut-tered-up piace this world would be—a place filled with miscrable attempts at repairs I begin to think that it is better for each I begin to think that it is better for each generation to have only one chance, and then for them to pass off and give another generation a chance. Besides that, if we were permitted to live life over again, it would be a stale, and stupid experience. The zest and spur and enthusiasm of life come from the fact that we have never been along this road before, and everything is new, and we are alort for what may appear at the next turn of the road. Suppose you, a man of middle-life or oid age, pose you, a man of middle-life or old age, were, with your present feelings and large attainments, put back into the thirties, or attninments, put back into the thirties, or the twenties, or into the tens, what a nuisance you would be to others, and what an unhappiness to yourself! Your contemporaries would not want you, and you would not want them. Things that in your previous journey of life stirred your healthful ambition, or gave you pleasurable surprise, or led you into happy interrogation, would only call forth from you a disgusted 'Oh, pshaw!' You would be blase at thirty, and a misanthrope at forty, and unendurable at hiry. The most insane and, stupid thing imaginable would be a second journey of life.

Atty. The most insane and stupid thing imaginable would be a second journey of lite.

"Out yonder is a man very old at forty years of age, at a time when he ought to be become worse. He got had habits on lim very early, and those habits have become worse. He is a man on fire, on fire with alcoholism, on fire with all evil habits; out with the world and the world out with him. Down, and falling deeper. His swollen hands in his threadbare pockets, and his eyes fixed on the ground, he passes through the streets, and the quick step of an innocent child or the strong step of a young man or the roll of a prosperous carriage maddens him, and he curses society and he curses God, Fallen sick, with no resources, he is carried to the almshouse. A loathsome spectacle, he lies all day long waiting for dissolution, or in the night rises on his cot and fights apparitions of what he might have been and what he will be. He started life with as good a prospect as any man on the American continent. be. He started life with as good a prospect as any man on the American continent, and there he is, a bloated careass, waiting for the shovels of public charity to put him five feet under. He has only reaped what he sowed. Harvest of wild oats! There is a way that seemeth right to a man, but the end thereof is death."
"To others life is a masquerade ball, and

ns at such entertainments gentlemen and ladies put on the garb of Kings and Queens or mountebanks or clowns and at the closs put off the disguise, so a great many pass their whole life in a mask, taking off the mask at death. While the masquerade ball of life goes on, they trip merrily over the floor, gemmed hand is stretched to gemmed hand, gleaming brow bends to gleaning brow. On with the dancel Flush and rusbrow. On with the dancel Flush and rustle and laughter of immeasurable merrymaking. But after awhile the languor of death comes on the limbs and burst he eyesiglit. Lights lower. Floor hollow with sepulchral ceho. Music saddened into a wail. Lights lower. Now the maskers are only seen in the dim light. Now the fragrance of the flowers is like the sickening odor that comes from garlands that have lain long in the vaults of cemeteries. Lights lower. Mists gather in the room. Glasses shake as though quaked by sudden Ginsses shake as though quaked by sudden thunder. Sigh caught in the curtain. Scarf drops from the shoulder of beauty a shroud. Lights lower. Over the slippery boards in dance of death glide jealcusies, envies, revenges, lust, despair and death. Steneh of lamp-wicks almost extinguished. Torn garlands will not half-gover the ulcerated feet. Clocking dances "Childings"

envies, revenges, lust, despair and donth.
Steneh of lamp-wicks almost extinguished.
It over the ulcerated feet. Choking damps. Childiness.
Feet still. Hands closed. Volces fushed.
It would like the same of the life over the ulcerated feet. Choking damps. Childiness.
Feet still. Hands closed. Volces fushed.
It would like the same of the right. There is the sure to have your one life right. There is the sure to have your one life right. There is the same to have your one life right. There is the sure to have your one life right. There is the sure to have your one life right. There is the from many lands, some young man who has gone away from home and, pechaps under some little spite or eyil sersuasion of another, and his parents kno not where he is. My son, ge home! D not go to seal Don't go to-night wise you may be tempted to go. Go home! Your inther will be glad to see you! and you mother. I need not tell you how she feels. Hay I would like to make your parntals yeasant of their wayward boy receitant and in his right mind. I would like to write them a letter, and you to sarry the letter, saying: By the blessing of God or my sermon I introduce to you on whom you have never seen before, for listing become a new creature in Christ dest. My, boy, go home and put our treet, head on the bosom that sursed you so tenderly in your childhood years.

"A young Scotolmant was it but the old indian chieftain never forgo; that he had in his possession a young man who did not belong to him. Well min day his tribe of Indians came in sight of heads of the loss of Indians and the old lindary chiefala said T lost my son in patt of man had been captured, and the old lindary chiefala said T lost my son in patt of my father, and the loss of my father, and in one field in the son of my father, and in the said. Tam the company of the loss of my son your father is and the loss of my father, and lindary chiefala said. The young man who had had been captured. The young man who had had here the said the loss of my father, and lindary ch

u go free. & Return



WASHINGTON [Principal, Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, Tuskegee, Ala.]

Mr. Booker T. Wichington, the colored founder and president of Tuskegee Institute in Alabama, is beyond doubt the foremost living man of his race and one of the most useful and notable men in America. He has more clearly worked out a system of education that is adapted to Southern conditions than any other

out a system of education that is adapted to Southern conditions than any other man who has attacked the problem. His special work of course is the application of this system to the requirements of his own race; but it is no less applicable to the conditions of both races in the South.

How he came to work out the system that is in such successful operation at Tuskegee, Mr. Washington tells in an article in the Atlantic Monthly, in which he explains more fully than he has before explained the philosophic and economic basis of the Tukegee system. Since it was part and parcel of his own intellectual growth, a good proportion of the article is antobiographical growth, a good proportion of the article is autobiographical.

After a narrative of his own awakening, he explains how the Tuskegee school unfolded itself,—beginning with nothing but a teacher and a few pupils. The economic fallacy that lay at the foundation of slavery,—a fallacy as applied both to the master and to the slave,—was its discouragement of thrift. A lack of thrift was a necessary part of the philosophy which regarded manual labor as decreating.

degrading.
The starting point in the elevation of the Negro is to teach him the economic and moral value of thrift. The first step, therefore, is to work out of the universal bondage of a credit system,—which with the population of the Black Belt became a dobt system,—to quit "libin" in de ashes," as one of the visitors to Tuskegee expressed it

The revolution in education, in practical affairs, in morals—the regeneration, in fact,—that has come from the application of the practical system that has brought this about in this section of Alabams, is as inspiring a chapter in the

"care and culture of men" as can be found in the annals of our educational life.

It was this revolution,—by discovering a method of wide application,—that made it especially appropriate that Harvard should confer an honorary degree on Mr. Washington. Not yet past forty, and with the best part of his life before him, his work as he explains it in his Atlantic article will give him a secure and historic place among the builders of American civilization.

Prejudice is one of the most cruel forces in the world. He who is controlled by prejudice against another person is in no fit condition to deal fairly with that person. He will not give him the cretit which is due to him. The prejudiced person is too blind to see the other's real perits, nor can he understand the perits, nor can he understand t exists in all races against other races. We must addressledge that our own race is somewhat prejudiced against others, even against the white race. It is probable that we are especially prejudiced towards those who manifest particular prejudice towards us. This is quite natural. But can we not as a people do something to lessen the extent of the prejudice against us? We think so. We may do so by refraining from showing resentment towards them who prejudice leads them to mistreat us. We may treat them so kindly that they will be compelled to believe that we are a great deal better than they supposed we were. Great kindness kills great prejudice. -The American Baptist.

"What Fools These Mortals Be." The white man's civilization sustains the same relation to the boasted civilization of the Negro in America that a lamp post does to a telegraph pole. being true, greater then is the reason why Negroes of every shade of complexion and condition should quit their nonsense, bury their prejudices and work together for the uplifting of the whole race. One drop or one million drops of Negro blood make us all kin, and we can only escape our relatives by a systematic course of lying and deception and a liberal use of face bleach and hair straighteners. As Shakespeare says, "What fools these mortals be."- Bruce Grit in Star of

Home for Aged Colored Women. In the United Charities' organization in New York, a project has been discussed for some time of providing a home for aged colored women who have saved some money but not enough to take care of themselves. The project has finally assumed definite shape through the assistance of several known New Yorkers, who have pledged \$30,000 for that purpose. An option has been secured on the Reed mansion at Bath, Me., and a committee will yisit Bath to examine the property. The owner of the property, Dr. Guil, of New Jersey, sells the property at a nominal price, as he is heartily in sympathy with the movement.—The Free-

Must Be Done Patiently, It should be the ambition of every Negro to measure arms with the white man in all that goes to make up good citizenship, wealth and high position, but it must be done patiently, step by step. One thing well done is an incen-tive to do another better.—Fort Worth, (Tex.) Item.

Extremulação. · Surely if the race can successfully operate religious and fraternal organizations on the plan of co-operation, it rations on the plan of co-operation, it propose to erect a monument to Octavan operate just as successfully business and financial undertakings.—The Elevator.

The ambition of the young man to tion.—National Reflector. can operate just as successfully business and financial undertakings.—The Elevator.

family

Remember This.

Profane history tells us that "Nero fiddled while Rome burned." It seems the Negroes' condition of today is analogous to that page of Roman history. We are sweeping onward through the gates of time, while every safeguard around our manhood, little by little the States are hedging us in, yet hardly a murmur is heard upon the placid air. Louisiana and South Carolina are the latest accessions to the nefarious manhood grabbing scheme. We must pro-test now; men who would not protest against their disfranchisement are not worthy of it. Agitation is in order. Agitate! agitate, or we perish by our own negligence.—Birmingham Bulle-

The Greatest Inspiration.

The greatest inspiration to young men may be found in studying the lives of men whose immortal names were not born to die. The deference to age that is usually present in youth is praise-worthy, but it should not go to the ex-tent of discrediting youth's possibilities. Many of the men holding public positions today are advanced in years. and young men from this fact, become imbued with the idea that years must be added to them before aspire to high-places. This is not true in the present, nor has it been in the past. -Augusta Chronicle.

Be Up and Doing.

Let us be up and doing; though the way may look dark at times, we must not give up the struggle. God has not forgotten us. Forty years the chil-dren of Israel wandered in the wilderness, but at last they were permitted to enter the promised land. So, perhaps after forty years we will be free indeed. -Western Outlook.

Look After Your Own Interest. Why not take more interest in your schools, homes, churches and farms? This going crazy over matters that will profit you nothing! Oh, men. be sober, be sober—look after your own interest sometime.

Give Us Good Schools. Good schools are of far more importance to our race than any other question that engages our attention about election time. Vote for no man who

does not favor improved school condi-

You Must Solve the Problem. The colored man's fate is in his own hands. He must solve the problem as to himself. Idle elogence will not do one half as much good in the premises as an energetic paltrey of the wood-sawing kind.—The Elevator.

To Erect a Monument. The colored people of Philadelphia

gamble and the young womenest fine herself is becoming alarm to the beautiful to the beauti The Colored Building and Loan Association has proven a most gratifying success and has paid its stockholders handsomely. Why cannot other business enterprises be inaugurated and dowell?—Augusta (Ga.) Union

Where alegos the sword? Is righteous Justice dead That | murler foul should raise its brazen head,

THE LAKE CITY HORROR.

And a pavenged stalk bodyly through the land, And proudly raise on high its blood-

dyod hand, While we, with honor gone, and draggled name, Sit like a wanton in our naked shame?

Ah God! that we should live to see this day When truch and right and love are filehed away; While where our fathers ruled with

gentle grace Thugs and assassins now must take their place,

And devils darker than the damined of hell Do their accursed deeds and murders

The sucking child killed on its mother's breast. While loving arms in vain are round it pressed

Falls from the shattered hands which could not save. And mocking fiends provide a fiery The father dumb in death beside it

While crackling flames to pitying heaven rise.

And timid girls, who but an hour be fore Were sleeping safe behind the bolted door, Half crazed with fright, and blind with

smarting pain, Fly in the darkness from the leaden rain ;

And brush and thicket in the gray morn How all along their path the red drops fell.

No Turkish blade, that habs the unborn child. Nor Spanish bloodhound mying fierce

and wild More cruel is than those who wrought this clime Beneath the shadows of the Southern

pine-To brand our State to age's yet unborn The object of a just man's righteous scorn.

And, what their crime for which such judgment came? Ah! tell it not, to blazon forth our shame:

But with their murd'rers' medi'ry let it rot. A cursed tale, a thing to be forgot-

A dusky color was their only sin, And all their guilt the blackness of their skin.

Men of our State, how long shall deeds like this Give us a name at which the nations I plead the name of that long faithful Who while their masters battled the Whose loyal service time can efface.

fore Kept want and famine from each Southern door.

Near where the Saltkehatchie winds it Through tangled glades of cypress and of bay, There is a lonely mound, half hid from

sight, Where tall reeds rustle through each summer night,

And resting there, within that humble grave, Sleeps one most dear to me, though but a slave-

My mamma, she who nursed me when a boy And counted nothing hard which gave

me joy. My foster mother. Ah! her love was strong-Nor can I silent be while hellish

wrong Smites down her race with shot and torch and rack,

And mocks their cries because their skins are black.

I plead for justice! If our State should fail, And all her righteous power cannot avail

To sink this shame, then far across our land, To where our nation's council cham-

bers stand, I cry, "How long in this great land so free Will ye permit such wrongs as this

to be?" Enthroned on high, Thou God of truth and right,

Must sin like this polate Thy holy sight? To Thee I cry, "How long, oh Lord, how long,

Wilt Thou permit to pass such fearful wrong? Fair justice dies, out down by sinful might. Arise, oh God! and in Thine anger amite.

E. A. WINGARD.

A Queer Cucumber. Mrs. Rose Marimon found in her

garden the middle of last July a cucumber eleven inches long and twelve inches in circumference which she left for seed, but looked in vain for the vegetable to ripen and turn yellow. The first week in September it was discovered to be loose from the vine, and was taken in the house and put away. To-day it is as green and firm as it was in July, and there is no indication that it will over change its state. Mrs. Marimon has been gard-

ening for forty years, and never ob-

served the like of this cucumber be-

fore.-Harrodsburg (Ky.) Sayings.

If I were king my wars should be But wars of roses; The only shield that men should b But one of posies; The only weapons ladies' eyes And laughter merry;

The only provinces to win, Lips like the cherry If I were king. If I were king no eye should weep, No heart should break; Each warrior should a lady wed

For her sweet sake. And when my last campaign was don
I'd cease to reign,
And haud my sceptre o'er to Love
And join this train—

If I were king.
—Chicago Recor-

PITH AND POINT,

A woman may pretend to be covinced against her will, but she ne

woman the things that her mirro The rooms in the house do not i terest the burglar as much as th

No man has the courage to tell

Occasionally when fortune kneck at a man's door he is in a neighboring saloon.

The more reason a man has for in dignation the less comfort he gets out out of it.

"Johnny, what are figures of speech?" "Please, ma'am, words like too, for and ate."—Puck.

Miss Demure-"Why should I let you kiss me?" Jack Dashing-"Because I won't kiss you if you don't." -Puck.

It is said that woman, owing to the peculiar construction of her form, is unable to jump-except at an offer of

Dorothy S."Have you read that article of hiow to be beautiful?" Anna —"S is; but I think the best way to be born so."-Puck.

Cynicus—"Why was woman ever created?" Miss Caustic—"So that man could have some one to blame for his misfortunes."—Standard. Sabbath School Teacher-"How do know that our days are num-

bered?" Johnny Squanch - "By looking at the calendar, ma'am."-Puck. The Two-headed Girl (angrily)-"I understand you've been making remarks about me." The Circussian

Princess (sweetly)—"I said you were two-faced."—Puck. Dadlow-"Is that song Jaggins is singing one of the popular songs of the day." Daffney--"Yep" Dadlow -"Then tell him to sing one of the unpopular ones, will you?" Roxbury

Gazette. -"Come, now, do you be Brown. lieve that it is possible for a lawyer to tell the truth?" Lawyer Pleese-"Oh, yes; I suppose so. But why should there be any necessity for it?"

-Boston Transcript. Mr. Sanhead "They say that all beautiful people are weak-minded, don't you know? Miss Pretty—
"That many that all weak minded people are not be."
Puck

Puck "I bajbarous!" she exc as she look t at a picture of a t "Ver," remarked her womi : ils advantage as a of feminine decoration. It obstruct the view of those who ha to sit behind her at the theater. --Washington Star.

"All that ails you," said the plain spoken man, "is laziness." "Go to the ant, thou sluggard. Consider ways and be wise." "I guess "I guess I'l have to," sighed young Ardup. gone to my uncle so often there nothing left that I can get a farthing on."-Odds and Ends.

valed singer, but she will never pass fole a great artist, you know." 5 And why not, pray?" "Because see car sing in nothing but English." y "Oh delir! is that so?" "Yes; and it such abominably good English, too Why, you can understand every wor she says."-Philadelphia Edutetin.

Revolutionary Scholiges, Rev. George Canning wrote an count of the school of his youth, which he attacked just after the Revolution Girlsland\ boys attende | | primary school, and sates seats mad of round locks of all of various heights, at the were face shed by the Unildren bored and kiss parents. hand leaving t the tehol room. The teaching of spelling lagges the last lesson.

peculiar leaves the last leaven day.

The was the last leaven at a lt say much start to the word in sy The tax to the word acula the gin maspellin, i manded the n in made the lais hesitate ment he by repeat trials of our actions of the land of the to navy cores of the pitologic in different heard on sommer days tance.—The Chartzador.

Belleves In the Curfon A Portland thip broker is a ble for this store: A farmer I cured an appointment as light in a Maine coast lighthouse. first night he went on Juty he up promptly at dusk and at 11) carefully extinguished to light next day, of converge and Then he v plica that he lat lenough t as he thouse

isto